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HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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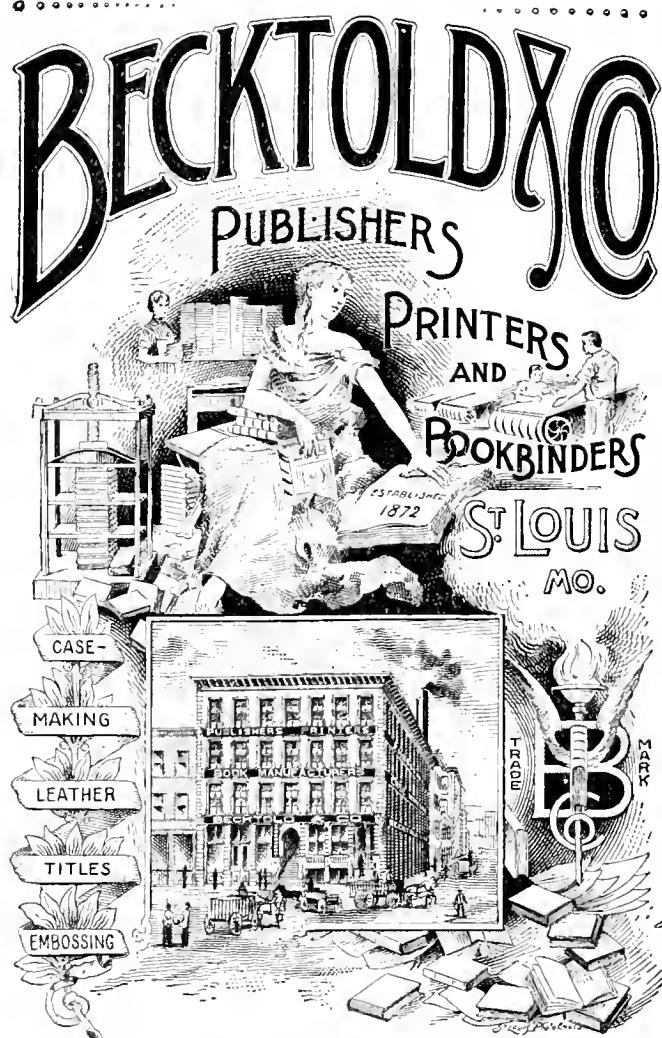
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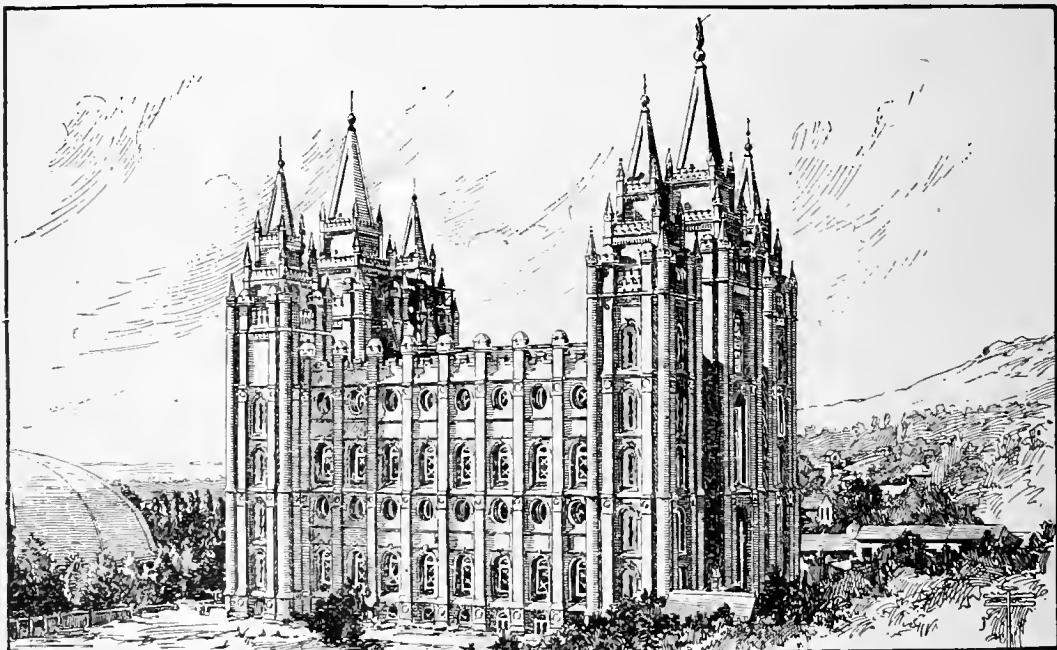
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1893.

No. 11.

## THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

X.

FOURTH BRANCH (CONTINUED).

SEA URCHINS, SEA CUCUMBERS (BRANCH  
*Echinodermata.*)

ANOTHER class of echinoderms or spiny-skinned animals includes the SEA

spines with which the creature is covered. Animals of this class may be found on most sea coasts of temperate and warmer climes. Here, (figure 1) is a sea urchin which was captured and placed for observation in a glass tank containing sea water. In the cut, the

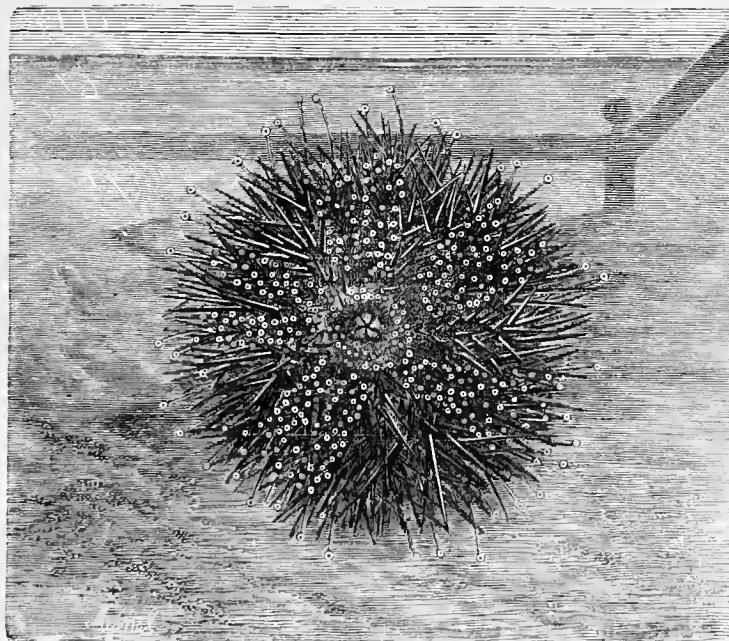


Fig. 1. Sea Urchin (*Echinus*) under side: showing teeth in center, and expanded suckers.

URCHINS, (class *Echinoidea*) or sea eggs, sometimes also called hedgehogs; indeed the name *echinus* which was first given by Aristotle, means hedgehog, and was so bestowed in reference to the sharp

animal is shown attached to the side of the vessel so that we are looking at the under part of the body. The spines with which this form of echinus is covered number between three and four

thousand, each of them being composed of a number of tubes, presenting under the microscope a most beautiful though complicated structure. The spines are all attached to the shell by ball and socket joints, so that they are movable,

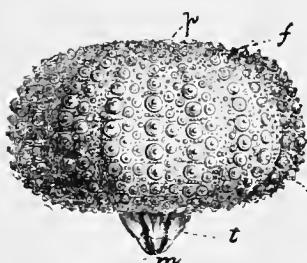


Fig. 2. Sea urchin shell (*Echinus*) spines removed. *s* spine attachment, *f* perforations for ambulacra, *p* madreporic plate, or coral plate, *t* teeth, *m* mouth region.

many soft tubular feet, sometimes called suckers or ambulacra; these are similar in structure and function to the corresponding organs of the star fish. The ambulacra number about two thousand, and protrude from the soft body through perforations in the shell. A number of these ambulacra are shown in figure 1 as small tubes and expanded discs. In moving, the animal stretches forth a number of these tubular feet, then fastens them to some fixed object and draws itself along.

Figure 2 shows the shell or skeleton of the echinus after the spines

have been removed. This shell is composed of over five hundred separate plates; certain of them are perforated with holes for the protrusion of the tubular feet, and are called ambulacral

and can be turned in any direction from which danger is threatened. Beside the sharp spines there are numerous three-prong pedecellariae, and also

plates; others which are situated between these are known as inter-ambulacral plates. In the shell (figure 2) can be seen knob-like projections (*s*) for attachment of the spines; holes for the ambulacra (*f*) madreporic body or coral plate (*p*), the mouth region (*m*) which is between the teeth (*t*). These teeth are well developed; they are five in number, and are arranged so as to come together forming a point at their extremities.



Fig. 3. Sea urchin's teeth and connected ligaments; the "Lantern of Aristotle."

Figure 3 shows a set of teeth natural size, removed from an echinus of medium dimensions. The teeth are held together by stout ligaments, so that when taken from the body they remain in one. They are operated by more than thirty powerful muscles, and move toward and from one another. The teeth

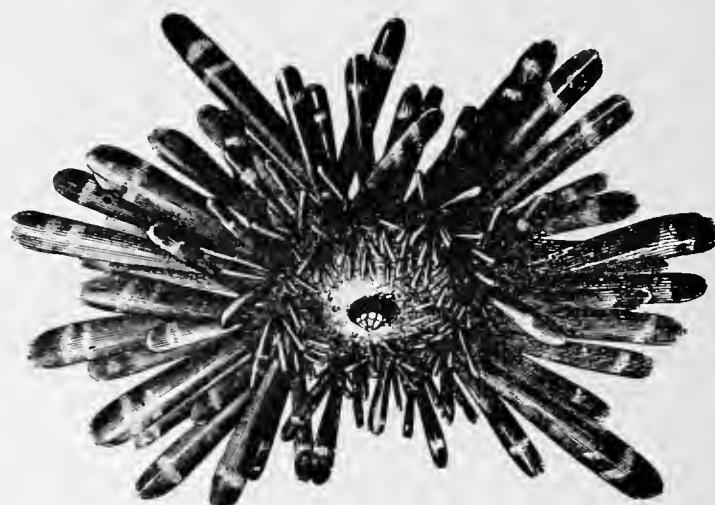


Fig. 4. Thick spine Sea Urchin (*Acroctada manellata*.)

of the sea-urchin, taken together with the ligaments which hold them in place, constitute the "Lantern of Aristotle."

There is a great variety in the size and form of spines among different

species. Here for instance (figure 4) is a drawing natural size of a beautiful sea-urchin, the *Acroladis*, in which the spines are stout, blunt and slightly flattened. In others, as for instance the cake-urchin or sand cake, the spines are short and fine. The last named, as also the Key-hole Urchin, (*Mellita*) the Wheel-Urchin (*Rotula*) and the Sand Dollar receive their popular names from

ing through many stages of great change before they attain full growth.

When the tide is out, sea urchins frequently hide in clifts and niches of the rocks, covering themselves with seaweed and other loose objects. Certain kinds, however, living on rocky shores in exposed situations, burrow for themselves holes in the rock, sandstone, slate, and even lava and granite being so exca-

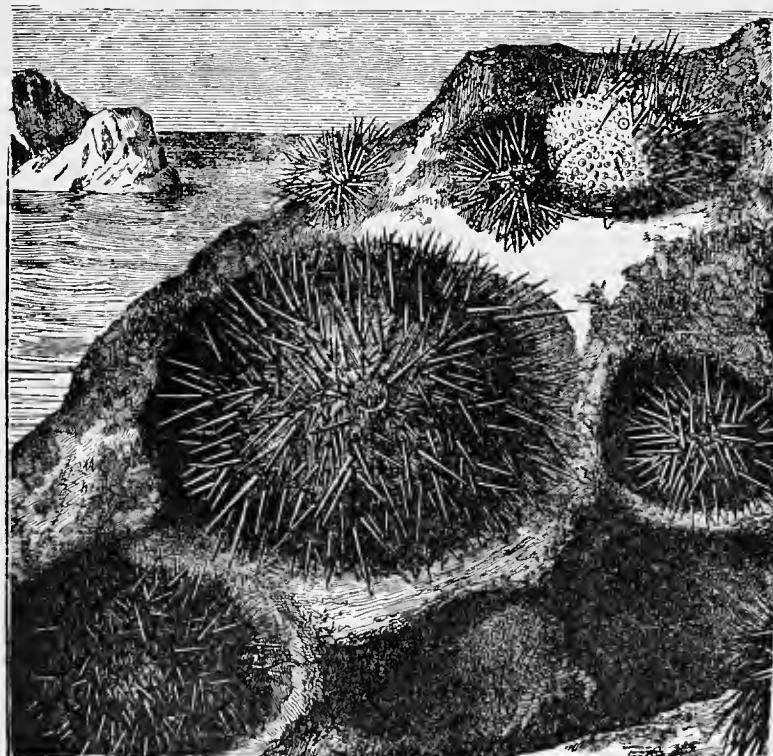


Fig. 5. Sea Urchins, (*Echini*) in their burrows.

the resemblance of their shells after the removal of the spines.

In size, the echini vary as greatly as they do in form, some being not more than an inch across when full-grown, and others attaining a diameter of five inches. They are produced from eggs, and the young are free swimming, pass-

vated by these creatures. It is supposed that they accomplish this by means of their sharp teeth, which are certainly admirably adapted for the work; the spines, however, render important service when once the hole has been begun; and the movements of the urchin within its burrow will continually increase the

depression. Figure 5 illustrates the burrows with several urchins in position. So entrenched, with spines projecting in all outward directions, the animal seems well provided with means of defense.

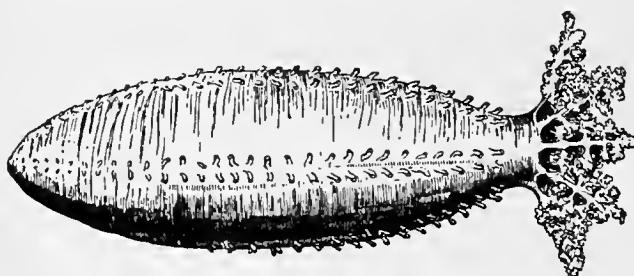


Fig. 6. A Sea Cucumber: (*Pentacta frondosa*.)

But besides furnishing such protection against predatory foes, these holes retain sea water during the period of low tide, and so still farther contribute to the animal's welfare. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, sea urchins were considered choice food, and even now they are eaten by some people.

The SEA CUCUMBERS (class *Holothuroidea*) are named from the resemblance of the animal to its vegetable name-sake. Figure 6 represents a common form to be found on the Atlantic shores of our country. The body is covered with a tough leathery skin, which in certain species contains numerous calcareous plates, some of them perforated and others hooked in anchor-shape. In the *Pentacta* (figure 6) there are five series of suckers or ambulacra, each series consisting of a double row along the body. The mouth

is situated at one end, and is surrounded by tentacles, usually ten in number, these branches subdivide and thus produce a most beautiful and delicate fringe. Holothurians of common species

vary from six inches to a foot in length, but the animals can double and some can even treble these dimensions by stretching. Holothurians abound on most coasts, from the tropics to the arctic regions.

The sea cucumber must be seen amid its natural surroundings to be admired for beauty. When interfered with, it draws in its tentacles, contracts its body and appears like a rough half empty leathern bag; or to be true to its popular name, like a shrivelled gherkin just from the brine.

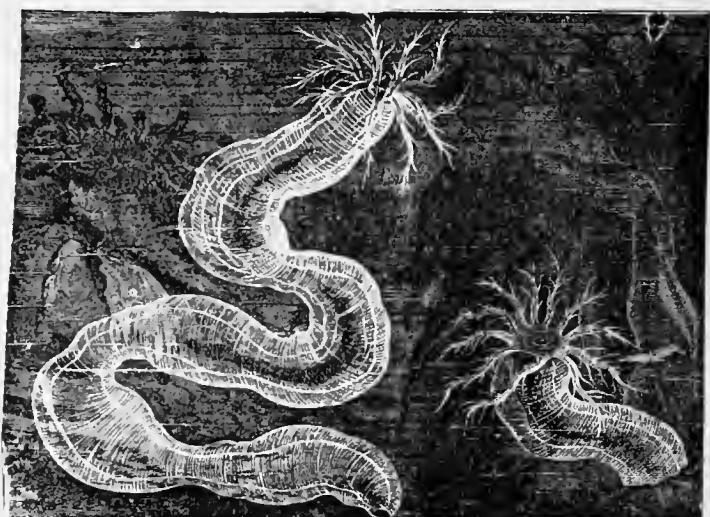


Fig. 7. A Sea Cucumber (*Synapta duvernae*) after Quatrefages.

The genus *Synapta* which is common on our Atlantic shores, is devoid of ambulacra but is well provided with the plates and anchor attachments to the

skin. Figure 7 shows a beautiful form of synapta, the drawing having been made by the French savant Quatrefages, who discovered it. This observer states that the creature will deliberately break off and discard parts of its body if it finds itself in danger of starvation. "It would appear," says he, "that the animal, feeling that it had not sufficient food to support its whole body, was able to abridge its dimensions by suppressing the parts which it would be most difficult to support, just as we should dismiss the most useless mouths from a besieged city."

Certain other forms of sea cucumbers habitually break in pieces or shed parts of the body when they consider themselves in danger; and they have even been known to eject the internal organs leaving the body like an empty bag. In a short time however, these parts are reproduced: Johnston relates that he for a time neglected to renew the water in which he kept a holothurian in captivity; and in consequence, the creature cast away its tentacles also its digestive apparatus and other internal organs; still it lived, and when placed under favorable conditions it reproduced all the discarded members anew.

In the countries about the Indian Ocean, sea cucumbers, under the name of trepang are largely used for food. It is stated that the annual shipment of trepang from Macassar alone amounts to \$600,000 in value. In this country, however, though holothurians are plentiful about our coasts, they are not recognized as an article of commerce.

*J. E. Talmage.*

THE snow from the hills goes away with a rush,  
And forth come the robin and wren;  
The poet looks out for the lay of the thrush,  
The farmer for that of the hen.

#### FOUND IN A COAT POCKET.

##### A Story Of Memorial Day.

THE thirtieth of May was raw and chill in Aurora, a small village near the edge of the northern pineries. The sun had hidden behind a mass of gray clouds, and a keen blast off the great lake swept over the country, like a parting taunt from the long-tarrying, furious winter that had but just taken leave. A sharp frost had visited the gardens the night before, and the meagre bounty of bud and blossom that they yielded for the day seemed visibly to revive and freshen under its warm, human touch.

All things partook of the influence of the day and weather. The sombre forest that encompassed the village took on new dignity and bloom. Houses and fields, which a month before had been robed in an enchanted mantle of glistening white, and a month hence would be gracious in vines and flowers, stood forth upon the landscape in naked ugliness. The men and women who gathered to do honor to their fallen heroes, were wrapped in sad retrospect, looking again into open graves, or living over anew periods of heart breaking suspense which had ended in tidings of woe. Even the veterans, who in a grim school had learned lessons of fortitude and cheer, were singularly depressed, and forgot the jests and gay badinage with which they were accustomed to silence painful memories.

Aurora and her outlying district had sent three companies to the war. Barely a dozen old soldiers joined the procession this day. Of the survivors a few had gone further west in search of fortune or health. Others were shut up in their houses, too weak or broken to

venture out. Of those who answered the roll call the majority were ailing or infirm, and muffled to the ears to propitiate the physical man for the audacity of the spiritual.

John Sexton was one of the youngest among the veterans, yet when he stepped to the door that morning and viewed the sky and faced the biting wind, he went to a cedar chest and took from it a garment that had laid there undisturbed for years: a blue overcoat, soiled and faded, and with a hole scorched through the right sleeve, which hung empty by his side.

The procession formed at the head of the main street, before the old church in which the memorial services had been held. Many memories clustered about that old frame church. John Sexton recalled some of them. The first call for recruits had been made there. He heard again the fiery, impetuous speeches, and saw the rush of volunteers, among the cheers of men and the sobs of women. He had been among the first to enlist: he, a beardless boy, with a man's heart, kindled with patriotic fire. Within the same gray walls, at the parting supper given to his regiment the night before they marched, he had asked Hetty Plympton to be his wife some day, and she, half laughing and half weeping, had told him that when he came back wearing his epaulettes she would marry him. And he had gone away glad and proud, buoyed up with hope. The epaulettes seemed so easy to win, the chances of failure or disaster so vague and remote. Then had come the hard discipline of camp, the long, forced marches, the carnage of battle, the rifle ball that had cut short his career.

He recalled how he had come back. Her face had been the first he had seen

on his return. Descending from the car, maimed, feeble, wasted by long sickness, his head reeling from the exhaustion of the journey, kind hands assisting him to the platform, he had caught sight of her, standing apart, pale, silent, her eyes intent on him with an expression that he could not then understand, but that he afterwards construed into a shrinking horror of the wreck he had become. A crowd of people had surged in between them: neighbors, friends, indifferent acquaintances, the majority with hearty words of sympathy, a few moved only by idle curiosity to see how foully the accidents of fortune had plundered him. One old woman, whose only son had fallen on the battlefield, had cried over him in place of the mother whose frail thread of life had snapped in the tension of the first few months after he had gone to the front.

In the midst of all this tumult, he had again a glimpse of Hetty, her gaze withdrawn from him, calmly penciling some memoranda in the little silk-bound book she carried, and he had wondered whether she was making some note of some finery she intended to wear to the next party or church festival, or was taking down the date of an engagement she had made for a boat ride or dance, bitterly contrasting her gay life of pleasure with the heavy burden of care and perplexity that had descended upon him. Yet a few seconds later there had been a moment, a strange, bewildering moment, when she had paused before him, looking into his eyes again with that mute, beseeching look, striving to speak, her trembling voice dying away in broken utterances. One instant she had put up her little hand to rearrange some trifling disorder in his dress, as a loving woman might have done for

her disabled hero; in the next she had slipped away, out of his life forever.

He took his place with his comrades, behind the wheezy string band that led the procession, preceded only by the high dignitaries of the village and the carriage containing the orator of the day. Citizens were grouped on the church steps, watching the line form and awaiting their own carriages. For an instant the old soldiers, whose services were forgotten during the rest of the year, were the center of reverent attention. John Sexton saw Miss Mehitable Plympton on the steps, and lifted his hat courteously, albeit somewhat awkwardly, with his left hand, receiving an icy nod in return. He regarded her calmly and critically. She was really a very well preserved woman for her age, but there was a wrinkle forming on her forehead between her eyebrows, and her hair was getting decidedly gray on the temples. The crow's feet that he had first discovered about the corners of her eyes two years before, were perceptibly deepening. Thus he deliberately remarked the ravages of time on her pretty face, as for a score of years he had invariably done on the rare occasions when he encountered her. He wondered if she had observed the small bald spot on the crown of his head, or the slight limp that told how rheumatism had laid hold upon him.

John Sexton could scarcely have told why he made this cold-blooded examination of the vanishing charms of her who had once been his ideal of all womanly worth and loveliness. It may have been in revenge for the manner in which she had treated him. It may have been to prove to himself that his heart was hardened against her. It may have

merely been due to the innate savagery that lurks in all men.

Marching along the weary road to the cemetery he recalled the rest. In those days of his weakness and despair, others, men and women, had sought him and endeavored to cheer him. She had sedulously avoided him. When they had at length met at the house of a mutual friend, she had treated him with a frigidity that taught him only too well the changed relation that he, a cripple, occupied towards her. Other problems confronted him. He found himself, a useless, helpless man, dependent upon a brother, and barely tolerated as a member of the household by his brother's wife. He could perform no active labor, was incapacitated for a trade, and had not the means to fit himself for a learned profession. He drifted about from one light vocation to another, filling each indifferently, more and more oppressed with a sense of his utter uselessness—he, a young, ambitious man, filled with energy and a capacity for industry that he could find no means to apply. He taught himself to write, and to write rapidly and well, with his left-hand, and the government for which he had sacrificed so much, at length took pity on him and gave him a place in the land office of the district. Withdrawn from society, with few friends and no intimates, he led the life of a recluse. Miss Mehitable, on the other hand, kept pace with the world and all good works. Years had silenced her girlish gayety and lent her a certain gravity and even severity of demeanor that in no wise detracted from the esteem in which she was held. Sexton watched this development as dispassionately as he had witnessed the fading of her youthful bloom.

"She has rounded forty now," he said

to himself. "Soon her eyesight will begin to fail. When she puts on spectacles her temper will begin to grow acid."

The graveyard was on a little knoll, crowned with maples, which were just beginning to leave. As they moved up the narrow avenues of the village of the dead, the sun broke through the clouds, sifting down through the delicate green foliage and pendulous seed pods, heightening the brilliant colors of the national flags that marked the soldiers' graves, and kissing the purple violets and shell-pink anemones, nature's own tribute, that crept close to the mounds. The warmth and rejoicing of a northern spring lifted the pall from each heart. Neighbor looked kindly sympathy to neighbor. The tragedy and woe of the great conflict were resolutely put aside, and valor and glory became the topics of the hour.

John Sexton remained silent and preoccupied. A slight incident had disturbed him and aroused in him a sense of discomfort that he did not attempt to analyze. Toiling up the steep ascent, Mehitable Plympton had stumbled, and his arm had saved her from falling. How thin and wasted the hand that had clung to him for a moment; how slight the weight he had sustained! With grim satisfaction he had watched the signs of failing youth in her keep pace with his own accumulating infirmities. Beyond this he had never looked until now. She had seated herself on the bank beside the path, and insisted that he should go on. He had noted her panting breath as she leaned against a tree, and a nameless foreboding assailed him.

A comrade observed his depression and approached him, addressing him genially, touching the scorched hole in

his sleeve, in mute recognition of its import, then lifting his hand to smooth the pocket lapel on the breast of the old military coat. A paper rustled in the pocket.

"Important dispatches?" queried he, with a smile, recalling the service in which the old coat had been worn.

"If they were, I'm afraid their value would be long past, returned Sexton drily, idly thrusting his hand into the pocket and wondering what relic of army days would come to light.

He drew out a tiny crumpled sheet, gilded on three edges, a jagged line on the fourth showing where it had been hastily torn from some binding.

Across this was penciled a message:

"I will marry you tonight, if you want me, John. Your empty sleeve is more to me than all the epaulettes in the world."

There was no date or signature, but he knew Hetty Plympton's girlish hand. What did it mean? When had she written it? How did it come there? He remained standing still, bewildered, stupefied, while the others moved on. Why did that scene at the railway station on the day of his return from the South come back; the vision of the young girl writing in the little book, her light touch on his breast as she paused before him?

It was well for Hetty Plympton that the place where she had sat down to rest was a by-path, removed from the main avenues. John Sexton would not have hesitated or delayed his errand if there had been a crowd of people about her. She arose at the sound of his quick tread. He held out the little scrap of paper to her.

"Hetty, I have just found this. I never saw it before. Ah, my darling,

what must you have thought all these years?"

Can love and joy find resurrection, full and perfect, when they have been entombed for a quarter of a century? Aye, if clean hands have laid them away, and purity and faith kept guard above them. Swift came the awakening, gathering force and strength from all the years they had been denied. Miss Hetty's face blossomed into something so like its girlish beauty that she was as one transfigured to her old lover, whose eyes lost their tired, strained look and recovered their youthful fire, while his figure straightened, and he seemed in a moment to renew his lost estate of strength and courage.

Yet they accepted their happiness reverently, as becomes those who receive a precious gift, long withheld.

With a low cry Hetty laid her head on his breast, and he folded his arm about her.

"Sweetheart," he said, gently, "your pledge has been slow to reach me. The day has been long and lonely. Will you keep your promise tonight?"

The shadows were lengthening when they turned homeward, but the radiance of the setting sun was in their faces.

*Flora Haines Loughhead.*

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### Necessity for Home Industries.

ONE of the sorrowful features of the present time is the number of people who are without employment. Hundreds of men from distant places are brought into the country and given work who have no interest whatever in the prosperity of the Territory, and only come here for employment. They would just as soon go anywhere else as to stay here if they could get any better wages or an easier job. This is not the case with

the Latter-day Saints. They come here because of their belief in their religion. They expect this to be their home while they live and the home of their children after them. They are permanent residents, with a love for the land and a determination to remain here whatever may be the difficulties they may have to contend with. It is a great pity, therefore, that they should not have employment in preference to those wanderers, who are here today and gone tomorrow, and who have no interest in the country or pride in its development. This condition is one that should call forth the highest wisdom and the most skillful management on the part of those who are in leading positions in the different stakes of Zion.

Men, women and children when rightly employed are a source of wealth. Their labor enriches not only themselves but the community. A well-ordered, peaceably-disposed and industrious community are sure to increase in wealth, and one such citizen helps another, and thus the country is built up. It is a sad thing to have men and women brought into the Church and after they come here to see them wander around seeking employment and finding none. This is very disheartening, and no doubt it tries the faith of many, and probably there are cases of people who are weak in their faith losing it entirely through the want of employment and other difficulties which they have to contend with.

It is a time of trial for people from other parts of our own Republic, and especially so for those who come from other lands, when they first come to this Territory. I always have a sentiment of pity for the Saints who emigrate here as strangers. No matter how careful the Elders may be in preparing them for

that which they will have to contend with in coming to Zion, they have nevertheless, in the most of instances, exalted ideas concerning that which they will find in Zion. They naturally expect the people of God to be a very superior people, full of charity, full of kindness and love, ready to extend a helping hand to other brethren and sisters who may need assistance or guidance. After they get acquainted with the people and with affairs generally, they find many who fill their ideas of what Saints should be, but at first the people appear to them to be absorbed in their own affairs, struggling to make a living, and with scarcely any time to devote to a stranger. They are frequently disappointed because of this. It is not the Zion that they, in their minds pictured it would be. Then the climate may perhaps be different to the one they have been accustomed to, and the modes of life also may not be familiar to them. All these things have a tendency to try their faith.

But it is especially trying for the foreigner, the inhabitants of Great Britain or of some of the nations of the continent of Europe, for the change to them is far greater than it is to those who emigrate from the States. The Scandinavians, the Germans, the Swiss and the French have not only the difficulties to meet which the others have to contend with, but, in addition, they have a strange language to learn, and if they have a scarcity of employment it makes their lot a hard one.

It is evident, if the present condition of affairs continues, that the Latter-day Saints will have to come back to first principles and turn their attention to the cultivation of the soil and to home manufactures to produce that which we consume. For those who wish

to follow farming or gardening, land is not difficult to procure upon some terms, and it should be the aim of every family, especially those who follow those pursuits, to produce and manufacture within itself everything that is necessary for its subsistence. While so much of the flesh of the swine in its various forms, and butter, cheese, eggs and poultry are imported, there is certainly a fine field for somebody here at home to produce these articles; and the fact that they can be brought here from a distance, and sold at a profit, is a proof that there is a lack of good management in this Territory on the part of the people here, or there should not be so much unemployed labor. It is a shame to a community like ours, with all the facilities that we have, for poultry to be brought hundreds of miles to supply our markets, or for butter and cheese and eggs to be imported from the States. No community can be said to be truly prosperous where such a condition exists. Our sales, if we would prosper, should exceed our purchases. Our people should be sellers of these articles and not buyers of them, for it has been demonstrated that hogs can be raised here at a profit. Poultry also can be raised and sold and bring fair returns. If proper union existed in our settlements, and the business men would put their heads together and organize creameries and cheese factories, there is no good reason why such enterprises should not be profitable. In some parts of the Territory cheese is made which finds ready sale in the market, and in many instances is deemed superior to the imported article. I am told that even beef and mutton are imported and sold in our markets, and many of the hotels depend upon the importation of these articles for their

supply. Surely there is something wrong in such a condition of affairs. We have an excellent country for milk and butter, and there appears no good reason why our mutton and beef should not be as sweet and in every way as desirable as that raised elsewhere.

In former days we necessarily had to turn attention to the production of those articles which we consumed. The lessons which were then taught and acted upon, if forgotten, will have to be learned over again. In those days it was the practice of every family to make every exertion to supply its wants by its own skill so that, money being very hard to procure, it would not have to go destitute of necessities and even comforts. If this were again done money would be kept in the country more than at present. As long as we send our money abroad to buy these articles which we ourselves can produce, we will continue to be tribute-payers to others.

The sugar factory which has been built in Utah County is an enterprise that should receive the hearty support of every resident of this Territory. The building of this factory was a step in the right direction. No matter what the politicians may say, it would be a great advantage to our Territory if we had sugar factories enough to supply our entire home market. The farmers would then be paid for the cultivation of their land by raising beets, and men would get employment in manufacturing sugar, and the money would be kept at home and the whole community would be enriched thereby. We shall not be a truly prosperous community until we have manufacturing establishments to employ the people of the Territory and to supply their wants. This subject has been so thoroughly ventilated in

past years that all ought to be familiar with it. During President Young's lifetime himself and his co-laborers were constantly teaching the principles of domestic economy and giving most valuable lessons upon the advantage of building up home industries. A new generation has arisen since his day, and we are surrounded by changed conditions; but the teachings that were then imparted are as true today as they were then, and they embody the highest wisdom. We shall as individuals and as a community have to practice them if we would be prosperous and successful.

*The Editor.*

#### NOTABLE INSTANCES OF MISSIONARY LIEE.

##### My Samoan Experience.

The first few days after our arrival we spent in exploring this beautiful yet small island, Aunu'u. It is not quite a mile square, and mostly low land, making it a good food producing island. While we strolled through the forest some little distance behind our guides (two little native boys), we were much surprised at the beauties of a tropical jungle. It is truly marvelous to see the windings of a single vine, how it will climb the highest palm and jump to an adjoining tree, go straight down and up another tree, then cross and re-cross the path, forming arches of perpetual green, and then take a side shoot to be lost in the almost impenetrable forest of underbrush. The little fellows (natives) would climb the tall coconut trees and pick the young nuts, inside of which is very palatable water. They gathered other fruits, nearly all being entirely strange to us, but afterward we learned what they were. The pine apple growing like a cabbage, when we had

thought of seeing it on a tree, and the mummy apple we thought to see on a vine, although Mark Twain calls it the musk melon on trees, and sure enough it does grow on trees.

Then we were shown oranges, lemons, bananas, figs and other tropical fruits growing with little or no cultivation. We also noticed growing in clumps the bamboo, the cane, the puhala, and many other trees, chief among which was the ever-spreading banyan, with its branches growing up and down, and reaching out in every direction for more country to cover. As we neared the village our pilots showed us the small patches of cleared ground where each family raise their staple food, such as kalo, ufi (yam), umala (sweet potato), etc. Kalo grows in marshy sloughs best. It resembles a beet in size, with tops like that of pie plant, and it might be called a perpetual growing vegetable. By cutting the top off even with the ground and replanting, another root will grow, and thus it rarely ever stops growing.

The yam, too, grows as a vegetable, with a vine that entwines itself around and often reaches the top of the nearest tree. It is generally planted at the root of a large tree, as it thrives better when the vine grows upward. The ulu (bread fruit) is a most important food producer, and in size resembles apple trees. It seems also to be of the milk tree family. When the bark is cut a milky white, though very sticky, liquid will run. This is used by the natives as glue or gum in making their boats and canoes water-tight. The bark was also once used in making cloth, but is now substituted by the paper mulberry tree, called u'a. It is a small tree, never more than one and a half inches thick, and not more than seven or eight

feet high. The tree is cut down at the trunk, the bark peeled to the top, where the tree is a shade narrower. An outer bark is then taken off and the inner bark soaked and scraped with the half of an oyster shell until most of the water is out. It is then pounded on a thick log with a heavy piece of wood till as thin as ordinary cloth, and of course much wider than it originally was and surprisingly soft and flexible. A number of these pieces pasted together with starch or sago, which grows thereabout as near like our own potatoes as possible. The cloth thus made is white, but when painted and printed all over one side it is ready for use.

Our curiosity at all we saw naturally excited the attention of the ever-observing natives. They would watch our every action, and follow us all over until to get away from them, we frequently went in doors, to be watched as curiously as children do the lions in a circus parade.

The drinking water on this little island was of the poorest kind. Nothing but a hole in the ground, which filled and emptied itself according to the tide, furnished water for the entire island. On this account mainly we soon learned early to like cocoanut water. The natives were very hospitable, and never failed to call us in their quaint old mushroom-looking huts to offer us food. Why I use this illustration is that on looking at a native house from the distance it looks like a greatly magnified mushroom, with small posts around the edge to hold it up.

Our first work among the Samoans was to build a meeting house for this newly-organized branch. The native Saints helped us, as it was of half American and half Samoan design. The lumber or poles and posts of

breadfruit and cocoanut, the roof of sugar leaf thatch, and the floor of small coral pebble rock, made our house of about 18x36 feet. It was built on Manoa's land.

In this village the London Mission had full sway, and those who joined with us met with no little ridicule from those not of us. Speaking of early persecutions on the islands, there's an important event that occurred while we were between Salt Lake and Samoa, showing that Satan is never late in trying to thwart the designs of our Father in Heaven. The Germans of the islands had exiled King Malietoa, and in his stead placed on the throne an enemy to the majority of the Samoans by the name of Tamasese. The evil one's agents soon impressed the king that delay was dangerous regarding the coming of that new Church from America. They had heard of Brother Dean's arrival and the subsequent baptism of quite a number into the Church, each of whom meant so much less May money for the white missionary on his yearly tour soon to be begun. Without delay, and also lacking knowledge of what he was doing, the newly-made king issued an edict that all Samoans joining and those who had joined the Mormons would be fined and imprisoned unless they gave up the idea and left the Church at once. The missionaries too, if I remember correctly, were to stop preaching, else be banished from the group. The vessel carrying from Apia, the capital of Samoa, this message to Aunuū, where Brother Dean was, called in a village (Leone) on Tutuila, where, on the day following, a messenger was to have been sent overland, but at dawn of that day there arrived another vessel from Apia, this one bearing the news of the dethronement of King

Tamasese and the abolition of his usurping government. The schooner with the king's unreasonable decree returned at once to Apia, and nothing more was ever heard by us of that document.

To all of us Elders this instance was a testimony that the time had come for the Samoans to hear the gospel, and that persecution and opposition could only go so far and then be stopped by Him who sent us there. As was told one of the London Missionary Society missionaries, when he plainly said that the society had sent him over five thousand miles to stop the Mormons, he was answered, "Yes, and we have been called by the Lord to come nearly six thousand miles to preach the gospel, and cannot believe our missions will be in vain."

A little more than two weeks' stay on Aunuū and Brothers Dean, Beesley and myself made ready for a trip round the island of Tutuila, which was a most interesting tramp to us, of which you will hear in my next.

*Ejay Wood.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"WHAT did the children of Israel do after they came through the Red Sea?" asked a Boston Sunday school teacher.

"Dried their clothes, I s'pose," replied Tommy Bakebean.

LITTLE Elvira went to visit at her grandmother's. The country was a revelation to the child. Among other things that excited her wonder was a lamb that came bleating at the door the evening of her arrival. "Oh, Aunt Hattie," she cried, running down, "there's a sheep here that can talk as plain as anything; do come out and hear it say 'Ma.'"

THE . . .

# Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1893.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

## Change in Our Treatment of Children.

**C**REAT changes have taken place during the lifetime of living persons in the education of children. Forty or fifty years ago parents and teachers were much more strict with their children than they are at the present time. Physical punishment was more frequently resorted to. Many schoolmasters thought it was impossible to train children properly without the use of the rod. In some instances children were harshly, if not cruelly, treated by teachers. Their liberty was greatly curtailed, and they were frequently made to feel that they were very inferior. Many people seemed to entertain the idea that children had no rights that grown people were bound to respect. The effect of this training had a tendency to cause children to grow up and be in their turn tyrannical in their treatment of the young and also of those who occupy what the world would call an inferior station. The lives of many children were made very sad by this kind of treatment. Sensitive children especially suffered from the harshness which teachers and others frequently extended to them.

Grown people seem to forget the feelings which they had when they were children, but every grown person ought to know from his or her own experience that children suffer acutely

from anything like harshness or unkindness or neglect. Their feelings are, if anything, more acute than those of adults. They crave love and sympathy and affection, and many times sensitive children go off by themselves and give vent to their sorrow in tears at some remark that wounds their feelings. Perhaps the person who makes such a remark does not think that a child would notice it, but the sensitive mind of the little one is wounded, and this wound is the more painful if it be made by one whose love the child desires to have.

People of the best intentions, particularly in past times, often exposed their children to feelings of anguish and dread. It was the fashion in some communities in Christendom, under mistaken ideas of religion, to describe to children the horrors of hell and impress upon their childish minds the frightful character of Satan. They were constantly told that if they were not good children they would go to the bad place, and this bad place was described in such language as to make an awful impression upon their minds. The idea of being sent to this dreadful abode to be subject to the devil filled their minds with inexpressible horror, for there was no hope held out to them of escaping from that place, but they must live there worlds without end. The unbelief of the present generation has removed many of these terrible ideas. Men have become more liberal. In these days they often go to the opposite extreme, and are too skeptical, but the effect is that very few teach children such horrible ideas as were taught in former times.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was in many respects a broad-minded and liberal man, but about a

century ago he established a boarding school at a place called Kingswood, in England, and a quotation from the rules which he established for that institution shows the prevailing idea of the education of children in those days. He ordained that,

"There was to be no play, for he who plays when he is a child will play when he becomes a man. Every child must rise at four a.m. and spend an hour in private reading, meditation, singing and prayer. Every Friday is the fast day of the church, and all the children whose health would bear it were to fast until three o'clock p.m., and there were to be no holidays—no, not a day."

If our children in these days had to submit to such rules as these, we can easily imagine what the effect would be upon their characters. Such training as this would undoubtedly make a serious impression upon the children who had to submit to it. We, in these days, are far from being perfect in our training of the rising generation; but certainly our present methods are far superior to those which prevailed in the days of John Wesley. Children now have a good deal of liberty. Perhaps some have too much. They are treated more as equals, and there are few parents who do not respect the feelings of their children. School teachers are restrained by law in this Territory and many of the States from inflicting corporal punishment upon the pupils. Children are not treated severely, and they are respected. The results in many instances are excellent. It may be that the reaction from the old rigid system may go too far, and obedience and strict rules may not be enforced as they should be. Respect for age also may in some children's minds be weakened, because under the present system they

are left free to a great extent to exhibit their feelings without much restraint.

The children of the present generation possess many advantages over those who have preceded them. Education is placed within the reach of everybody. Books of all kinds are abundant and very cheap. All the appliances of education are furnished in the schools, and every possible facility for the acquiring of a thorough knowledge of all branches of education is furnished to the children. The taste for education is spreading. The editor of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* has been deeply impressed with this during recent visits to the States. Colleges and institutions of learning are multiplied on every hand, and they are being widely patronized. It has become quite common for young men and young women to have a college education, and this can be obtained at the present time at comparatively little expense. The disposition to acquire knowledge is greatly admired, and young men or young women who manifest this desire will frequently find friends to help them in gratifying it. The words of the Lord to Daniel are being literally fulfilled, where he says:

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

#### Fasting.

ONE of our correspondents writes that a number of families were together on fast day when the question was brought up:

"Which is proper in fasting: To refrain from eating and drinking, or from eating only?

The rule that has generally been observed in the Church in fasting is to deny one's self of all nourishment, whether in the shape of food or drink, the object being to humble one's self before the Lord, and this can be better

done when the stomach is entirely empty than when it is partially filled with water, which of itself contains much nourishment.

#### Funerals of Suicides.

WE are asked: "If a member of the Church should commit suicide because of unrequited love, or other exciting cause, would it be proper for the authorities of the ward to have a public funeral service in such a case as a mark of respect to the family, who may be faithful members of the Church?"

Every member of the Church should be made to understand that it is a dreadful sin to take one's own life. It is self-murder, and, therefore, anyone committing this crime should not expect a public and honorable funeral. There is a wide distinction between the condition of one who dies a natural death and one who dies by his own hand. No one should be led to believe that if he commits this sinful act he will still receive the same respect and honor at his burial from the Priesthood and people of God that others do who die as faithful members of the Church. No encouragement of this kind should be given to anyone who has an inclination to commit suicide. For this reason a person who commits suicide should be buried privately and without ostentation, and certainly the funeral services should be conducted without the authorities of the Church lending their presence to the funeral. All should be taught that it is a sin of great magnitude to take the life which the Creator has given to them.

An epidemic of suicides prevailed at one time in Paris, and various devices were suggested to check its course. The last method adopted was to expose the naked body of the suicide in the

public morgue. It is said that this was so disgraceful and had such an effect upon the public mind that the number of suicides immediately fell off, and the tendency was checked. In many countries and among many religious sects suicides (unless a jury brings in a verdict that the person who has taken his own life was insane) are not permitted to be buried in what is called consecrated ground—that is, to be buried in the same cemetery with those who die natural deaths.

#### Bishops' Trials.

ONE of our correspondents asks:

"Can a Bishop make a decision that will be binding without hearing both sides?"

A Bishop before making a decision should have his counselors with him, and then they should by all means have both parties represented, or a decision will not be binding. The Prophet Joseph in giving instruction to the High Council on one occasion said he wished his words recorded, and although they were for the High Councils, they are equally applicable for bishops:

"That the Council should try no case without both parties being present, or having had an opportunity to be present; neither should they hear one party's complaint before his case is brought up for trial; neither should they suffer the character of anyone to be exposed before the High Council without the person being present and ready to defend him or herself; that the minds of the Counselors may not be prejudiced for or against anyone whose case they may possibly have to act upon."

A MAN of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

## CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS--No. 21.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD  
OF EDUCATION.

## THE FOURTH CIRCUIT.

IN conformity with the approved programme, this circuit comprised the Stakes of Cache, Oneida, Cassia, Bannock, and Bear Lake, and consisted of visits to the B. Y. College at Logan, Stake Academy at Preston, Oakley, Rexburg, and Paris, Rich County Seminary at Randolph, in meetings with the faculties and boards of said institutions, and in addressing public meetings in the interest of our educational system of Sunday Schools and Mutual Improvement Associations at Franklin, Preston, Pocatello, Oakley, Rexburg, Montpelier, Paris, Bloomington, St. Charles, Laketown, Randolph, and Woodruff. On account of the lateness of the season most of the Church schools in the north have at present a very slim attendance, but it is cheering to notice that the prejudice prevailing among some people that school attendance ought to cease about April Conference is gradually disappearing, being replaced by a more correct appreciation of the benefits of a complete year's course. The undersigned gratefully acknowledges not only the cordial hospitality accorded to him everywhere, but also the unanimous response to his suggestions by both boards and faculties.

## OBSERVATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

*Publications and Prints.* - It is respectfully suggested that copies of all publications and prints gotten up by any of our boards or faculties should be entered at the General Superintendent's Office. The General Board has kindly furnished that office with a case of deposit for such purposes.

*Church School Papers.*—The undersigned has met repeatedly members of boards and even Church school teachers that have not read the Church School Papers, although these papers are published "by order of the General Board of Education," and are, therefore, entitled to the earnest consideration of all concerned. To avoid in future the inconveniences arising from such a neglect, following suggestions are respectfully submitted:

1. Church School Papers should be read by the respective secretaries of every board and faculty at the next meeting after publication, and the minutes should state that fact. Principals are requested to remind their boards of this point.

2. Every principal is expected to keep the copies of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, containing Church School Papers, on file for occasional reference.

3. Any suggestions by principals, Church school teachers or members of boards for the Church School Papers will always be thankfully received and given due consideration.

*Next Annual Convention.*—Referring to the paragraph on this subject in Church School Papers No. 20, the undersigned begs leave to add that if any board or faculty cannot send a representative to the convention, it would be advisable to authorize in writing the undersigned to appoint a representative for them, and to furnish him any particular instructions for such representative. That representative will be expected to report to his board the essential points of the proceedings.

As it is obligatory upon every certified Church school teacher in active service to attend the convention, it is suggested that, in the case of inability to attend, the respective teachers send to the undersigned his qualified excuse,

subject to the acceptance of the convention.

Efforts will be made to secure reduced rates for members of the convention. The results will be published in the next issue of the Church School Papers.

*Teachers' Salaries.*—On account of the embarrassed financial condition of some of our Church schools, fears are entertained in several instances that principals and teachers may not be paid in full at the end of the academic year. Every board should consider it a point of honor and trust to avoid such an occurrence, as in some cases it would amount to a personal calamity to the teachers. Every case of this kind should be brought to the knowledge of the undersigned, so that it may receive due consideration. It is generally understood throughout our Church School Organization that the payment of teachers' salaries from the tuition precedes any other financial engagement.

*Reports.*—Notwithstanding the request made in Church School Papers No. 19, that all blanks for statistical and financial reports and charters should be called for at Secretary George Reynolds' office at or before April Conference, to save unnecessary expenditure and trouble, many Church schools are yet without their blanks or charters. Please to secure them without delay, in order to have them made out and forwarded to the undersigned on or before July 15. No Church school can commence operation at the next academic year without the charter having been obtained.

*Appropriation.*—The undersigned respectfully reminds all concerned of the decision of the General Board in regard to the withholding of the appropriation from any Church school, if that school had not been running the full school

year of forty weeks, or had not obtained a license for a shorter period from the General Superintendent, upon presentation of good reasons. This point was explained in the address by the undersigned to the Annual Convention, Salt Lake City, June 3rd, 1892 (see Church School Papers No 16, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, October 1st, 1892). The General Board of Education holds the undersigned responsible for any license thus granted.

*Appointments.*—In order to facilitate the process of supplying vacancies in our Church schools for the next academic year, it is suggested that boards contemplating changes in their faculties, or teachers or graduates desirous of obtaining positions in our schools should send their applications, with the necessary specifications, on or before July 15th, so that the required nominations can be concluded at the Annual Convention at the latest. Schools applying later than that time may have to be left without teachers, or be obliged to be satisfied with make-shift arrangements. The demand for efficient teachers is so great that none can afford to wait until the school season is about to begin.

By order of the General Board of Education.

*Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen'l. Supt.*

#### A RATCATCHER'S WRATH.

THE youngest of my readers know that one of the great continents of the earth is Europe, and that one of the principal countries of that continent is the great empire of Germany. More advanced readers know that one of the principal rivers of that empire, not the longest, or broadest, or most important indeed, but still of considerable import-

ance when viewed in the light of commerce, is the Weser, on which lies the ancient and busy city of Bremen, and at the mouth of which, a few miles below the city, is the great port of Bremerhaven, the headquarters of the well-known line of steamers known as Lloyd's. Still more advanced readers are familiar with a curious story concerning this river Weser and a town on its banks called Hamelin, preserved in pleasing form by Robert Browning in his poem entitled "The Pied Piper." Let me tell the story in simple prose for the benefit of those who are not so well-read and yet who enjoy an interesting tale; first cautioning them that the German peasantry are great people for fairy and ghost legends, and not above a degree of belief in what other folks might consider the wildest sort of superstition.

On the 26th of June next it will be six hundred and nine years, according to the story, since the incident which it commemorates occurred. A tablet on one of the houses in the pretty little town—a house which to this day bears the name of the chief actor in the strange play—bears record to the story; and as if this testimony were not sufficient, another old building, in which weddings were formerly celebrated, bears an inscription in all respects corroborative of the first. Besides this, every few years, and notably on the centennial anniversary, the people of the town and neighborhood observe the occasion with procession, fantastic dumb-show, and in fact all the details of the event which gives their town its chief title to distinction. Surely all this evidence may not be swept aside by a sneer.

But to the story: In the year 1284 Hamelin was infested, nay even overrun,

with rats to such a degree that the people were well nigh in despair. The poet declares that the countless and voracious pests

—fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles;  
They ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles.  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

This alarming condition prevailed for some time, and there were many meetings of the townsfolk to devise ways and means of relief, and many solemn assemblages of the city fathers to consider the peril that was upon them. Their best endeavors, however, were of no avail: the rats multiplied with dreadful rapidity; where one was killed, ten came to the funeral; and with their increase in numbers came also an increase in appetite and in audacity. The situation was becoming perilous in the extreme, and it at last seemed as though the inhabitants of the town were not only going to be eaten out of house and home by the destroyer, but were in danger of being devoured alive themselves.

In this emergency help was offered from an unexpected quarter. One day when the town council was met in mournful session, the members oppressed with gloom and their faces long and solemn, a strange piper, clad in fantastic and many-colored raiment, appeared at their door and demanded admission, saying he had a proposal to make to them that was worthy of their consideration. A proposal of any kind was the very thing they wanted, and they invited him in. Even in their sorrow they could not help smiling at his ridi-

culous clothing and comical appearance, but they listened attentively to his offer: "I am a rat-catcher," he said, "and for a thousand gulden I will rid your city of the pest."

What was money to these distressed counselors compared with the prospect of getting relief for themselves and their people! If their would-be deliverer had asked ten times as large a sum they would have consented to his terms. They readily accepted his offer, drew up and signed an agreement, gave it to him with the promise of the money when the work was done, and told him to begin his rat-killing at once.

Out he went from their presence, and operations commenced. But such strange rat-catching no one ever saw or heard of before. He employed neither trap, terrier nor poison. He simply put his pipe to his mouth and began to play the wierdest and most peculiar music that man's or rat's ears were ever saluted with. Up and down the various streets and alleys he kept his sturdy march, all the time piping away as though his very life depended upon it. The honest burghers looked and listened, first in amusement at his funny appearance and conduct, and then in amazement at the effect his music produced.

For in a few moments there began a hurrying and scurrying of four-footed folk that was quite familiar to the townspeople—they had heard rats run before. But the running this time was after quite a new fashion. As if charmed by the piper's music, rats came tumbling out into the street from cellar and attic, from house and granary—and all danced gaily at the heels and along side of the musician. Up and down the procession moved, the horde of rats ever increasing in number, until there

was not one in the whole town that had not heard the summons; all were trooping long in the piper's wake, following whithersoever he led, the people meanwhile standing dumbfounded in their doorways and wondering what it all meant.

Suddenly the musician, now playing more furiously than ever, turns down toward the river. The rats appear more and more enchanted with his melody and romp and run ever more joyously. In a moment the banks of the Weser are reached; the piper pauses in his march but not in his piping, and the rats frisk and jump about as though their little hearts would burst with gladness. Their charmer goes no further, but they cannot stop; into the cold waters they plunge, one after another, thousands in all, until the whole throng are engulfed in its waves and Hamelin's rats have disappeared forever.

The piper had fulfilled his part of the contract—would the town counselors now fulfill theirs? Returning to the hall where the agreement had been signed, our rat-catcher demands his reward. But this time his proposal is not so eagerly listened to as before. Thrift takes the place of honor, and the authorities see no reason why they should rob their treasury of a thousand gulden. The rats are gone sure enough—of that there can be no question—and no power can bring them back again; besides, it is hinted that the piper employed witchcraft or the black art, and such goings-on should not be encouraged. It is decided that the agreement shall be broken; he shall not be paid, but shall be sent about his business. To this injury, insult is added: the grave counselors laugh at the piper's clothes and ridicule his appearance; and amid their jeers and

scoffs, all the time muttering something about his ability to play other tunes that may not be so much to their liking, he is hurried out of their presence and thence out of the town.

With their money still in the town coffers and their rats all at the bottom of the Weser, no wonder the people of Hamelin gave themselves up to much rejoicing! Every feast and fast day was observed with special ceremonies, for there had been deliverance from an appalling evil. The 26th of June arrived, the holiday of St. John and St. Paul, and the children of Hamelin were the gayest of the gay. At an hour in the morning when all the older people were at church the wrathful piper reappeared—this time dressed like a hunter, with a red hat on his head and with a glance that was terrible to see. But again he put the magic pipe to his lips, and again it charmed those for whose ears its music was intended. Children, not rats, composed his audience this time; and he played so beautifully as he walked up and down the streets, that the boys and girls forsook their sports and games, forgot even their homes and their parents, and joined him in his journey. When every child in Hamelin had heard his tunes, and had proved responsive by following him, he turned straight toward the mountain at the back of the town. The more loudly he played, the more happily danced and sang the children and the faster they ran. After clambering a distance up the hillside a portal opened wide before them. Into it went piper and children, and when all were safely inside the cavern as mysteriously closed again. And of the piper and of the children of Hamelin there never was a trace or a sound again. They had disappeared as

completely as had the rats a few weeks before.

All but two—a little dumb girl, and a little blind, lame boy, who had not been able to keep up with their companions. The former used to point out to the bereaved people the place where the cavern had opened and where all her playmates disappeared; and the blind boy, who lived to be an old man, never tired of telling what wonderful and irresistible sensations the piper's music made upon him.

This is the legend, as the peasantry in and about Hamelin tell it, and this is the event which they celebrate every few years with a pageant in which are boys dressed like rats, children clad in gala attire and a long, lean figure arrayed in multi-colored clothing and blowing the magic flute of the pied piper. I do not ask you to believe the story; I do not believe it myself. But I hope you will read Browning's poem and I wish you who can read history would look up the true incident on which the legend is probably based: the taking prisoner or the death of most of the young men of the town of Hamelin in the battle of Sedemuender, in 1259, while fighting against an oppressive bishop-warrior who sought to lay the whole region under tribute.

*J. Q. C.*

#### A TRYING EXPERIENCE.

NEARLY all who have studied history have shuddered when they read of the massacre of Wyoming.

Most of the men were away fighting for their country and liberty, but the majority of those who remained, hearing that the Indians and Tories would soon be upon them, quickly armed themselves and hastened with their wives and children to the fort.

Some few were not warned in time, and of these very few escaped. It was night when a party of Indians and Tories attacked the fort. A small body of men sallied forth to meet them, but they were soon driven back, and, turning to flee, were captured, and those who were not slain on the spot were tortured until they at last died, and their scalps speedily dangled from the belts of their murderers.

While this was going on other Indians were not idle, but were burning and murdering without mercy. Their wild cries rang out on the night air, making little children cry and cling together, and even stout hearts quake. The Indians and Tories surrounding the fort rested from their fiendish work until next morning.

Meanwhile the other parties of Indians went on burning and butchering. When morning dawned their horrible work was finished, and they too gathered around the fort. The brave commander held out as long as he could, but seeing all efforts were useless, agreed to surrender on condition that life and property were spared. The Tory commander agreeing to this, the gates were thrown open. But at the sight of fresh victims and more plunder the Indians set their commanders at defiance, and again the tomahawk was brought into play. Some few escaped by fleeing over the mountains. Strong men, weak women, tender babes alike shared the same fate. The whole valley that such a short time before had been so peaceful, was now a scene of horror and confusion.

Thus briefly have I sketched this part of history, so that the reader may know under what circumstances the events related in this story were brought about.

It was summer, and the green wheat

stalks were waving in the gentle breeze which rippled over that peaceful little valley, which was, alas, so soon to become a scene of horror seldom equalled. The green trees and waving grass all made a scene of quiet beauty. The sun had set, and twilight was now hovering gently over the valley.

Situated at the farthest part of the valley was a low, log cabin. Sitting in the doorway were a man and woman, with their children playing around them, the eldest being a girl of twelve years, who, many years after, told this tale to her children and grandchildren.

Mr. Merrick breaks the silence by saying in a serious tone, "I fear the Tories and Indians will soon be upon us, for I heard they had been burning a settlement just twelve miles from this place. If it comes to the worst we must flee to the fort or some other place of safety, for what can a mere handful of men do in trying to save their homes from a band of bloodthirsty redskins?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied his wife in a sad voice. "Oh, when will this cruel, cruel war cease? Here we live in daily dread of our lives, afraid even to let the children venture out of our sight for fear some prowling savage will capture them. Oh, it is dreadful! I should think our great Washington would give up in despair. But no, he keeps brave and calm, and cool, noble and faithful all the time."

Thus in conversation was the evening passed until, the stars beginning to shine, Mr. Merrick arose, with a sigh, saying, "Come, children, to bed now, and don't forget to pray to our heavenly Father to guide and protect us, for He knows how much we need it."

Soon all was quiet. It was perhaps an hour after retiring that Mr. Merrick awoke from a heavy sleep, and feeling

restless arose and walked to the window, and, pulling aside the curtain, looked out. What did he see that blanched his face and made him utter such an agonized cry?

His wife hearing the cry, sprang from the bed and ran to his side. Looking forth she saw away at the other end of the town, red flames leaping skyward, and even as she looked flames sprang from other houses nearer by, while dancing to and fro were vivid, star-like bodies of fire. "The savages and Tories! Oh, God help our poor neighbors!" came the cry from her very heart.

"Quick, arouse the children, wrap them in blankets," exclaimed Mr. Merrick, hastily putting on his clothes. "Dress yourself, and be ready by the time I come back."

Seizing the sharp kitchen knife, he slipped from the house. A short distance from the door he was met by a dog, their faithful old watch dog, the children's pet and play-fellow. "Poor, old fellow, I hate to kill you, but you would follow and betray us." So saying he seized the dog's head, and bending it quickly backwards cut the faithful brute's throat; then tossing the knife from him, he hastened back to the house. Entering he found his wife and children ready, so taking his youngest up in his arms, and telling the others to follow, he left the house that ere long would be in flames. "Keep in the shadow as much as you can," he whispered.

Walking quickly in the shadow, and bending over when in the lighter places, at last they reached a clump of willows, which stood on the bank by the water of a swamp. Wading out into this knee-deep they stood there and listened, with hearts full of sorrow for their neighbors, to their cries and the

demoniacal yells of their enemies, saw their homes in flames and could imagine the terrible work which was going on.

The savages spared nothing, killing the animals and people alike, setting fire to houses and everything else of a combustible character. Oh, the sight and sound was a terrible one that the little girl of twelve never forgot.

The flames from the burning buildings lighted up everything so clearly that the shivering souls in the swamp quaked with dread for fear the bushes would be seen and some savage foe come to investigate. But Providence watched over them, and they escaped unnoticed.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, morning dawned. Far away in the misty morning light they could see dim moving forms, and now and then a faint yell was borne to their ears.

"The Indians are surrounding the fort, I suppose. This place is no longer safe. We must start for one of the near settlements," hurriedly said Mr. Merrick. "We are not out of danger yet, but thank the Lord we have been spared through the night, and if it is His will we will still be preserved."

They clambered out on the bank, and with one backward look fled quickly away from that spot of terror. On, on, over rocks and briars, tripping over roots and slipping into holes. On, on, with parched throats and burning bodies, for the sun was now beating fiercely down upon them.

At last they came to one of those holes or small caves in the mountain.

Into this they crept to get some rest.

The little ones were crying for water and with pain from their blistered feet.

After resting for a short time they again took up their weary march. Now they see a little stream of water ahead and along its bank willows which cast

some shade. Oh, how thankful they are as they quench their burning thirst and quite refreshed renew their journey.

Thus with short rests and much weary walking they at last come in sight of a settlement.

It seems a very heaven to these poor, homeless wanderers and it is with shaking limbs and burning brows, but such grateful hearts, that they at length come forward to claim the compassion and help of the kind people who dwell there.

They are received with kindness and pity and soon are made comfortable.

Here with these kind friends we will leave them and follow a part of the after life of the little girl spoken of before.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years passed away. The little girl of twelve had now become an old woman. The brave father and mother had been laid away in their last, long sleep. The war was over and peace reigned throughout the land.

But soon other troublesome days were coming. She now lived in Kirtland, Ohio, and it was here she first heard the voice of the beloved Joseph Smith.

The truth entered into her heart and she was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and many times did she listen to and accept the Prophet's teachings.

At last the mobs drove the Saints from Kirtland. On the journey to Missouri many precious family possessions were lost, among them the huge Bible containing the family records which are much missed by her descendants.

Driven from Missouri she at last settled in the beautiful city of Nauvoo, where in time she peacefully died and was buried.

She had been through many trials and tribulations, but through all had remained true and faithful.

E. A. P.

### THE ARYAN MIGRATIONS.

ABOUT 3000 B. C. the Egyptians in the valley of the Nile and the Chaldeans in the southern part of the valley of the Euphrates were already very old and highly civilized nations, with strong governments and great cities, temples, and monuments.

Europe, however, was still as wild as the interior of Africa is at present, inhabited by the Iberians and the last of the wild people who had preceded them.

The Aryan family of the white race was not yet divided into its five branches, but all the Aryans were living together in Asia, in a beautiful country just east of the Caspian Sea, which we shall call the Aryan Homestead.

Just now a great feeling of unrest seemed to take possession of the Aryans. The first body of them who left the old home moved south. For many hundreds of years afterwards they remained unseparated, having the same customs and the same worship; but a religious dispute finally arose which caused them to divide into two bands. One, going east, reached the Indo country and became the ancestors of the modern Hindoos. The other, turning to the west, spread themselves over the plateau of Iran, a plateau partly included in modern Persia. They became the ancestors of the Medes and Persians.

The peoples of this migration make what we call the Indo-Iranic branch.

Some time after the first emigration had taken place another branch started out. It went around the southern end of the Caspian Sea, and after hundreds of years found itself on the western coast of Asia Minor. From here a portion found their way across the sea, from island to island or by way of the Hellespont, to Greece, where they became the

progenitors of the Greeks. The rest also crossed into Europe, but moved further to the west and occupied Italy, where they became the Romans of after times. This is the Græco-Italic Branch.

Long after this the Celtic Branch left the Aryan home. It took a route different from either of the preceding, and passing north of the Caspian, leisurely, during the centuries that followed, made its way across the plains of what is now Russia and came into modern Germany and France, either destroying or mingling with the Turanian Iberians, whom they found there.

The Celts were not, however, destined to enjoy their new lands in quiet forever, for in the course of time their kinsfolks, the Germans, also decided to go west. Leaving the Aryan country, they, too, slowly journeyed along the route that the Celts had taken before them. When at last they reached the Celts in Central Europe, so many ages had passed that they seem to have forgotten that they both belonged to the same family, for the Germans, pressing in on the Celts, obliged them to flee to the westernmost edges of Europe, where we find them still. Some of the German tribes—the Angles, Saxons, and others—finally invaded England itself, settled it, and remained there; so that the English are really Germans.

The Aryan stock was not yet exhausted, for still another branch followed the Germans. They were the Slavs, who make the modern Russians and Poles.

We must not forget that these different branches of Aryans coming into Europe found the Iberians before them, with whom they everywhere mingled to a greater or less degree. For this reason most of the modern European and American nations are descended partly from the Iberians and partly from the

old Aryans. The Iberians were small and dark. The Aryans were fair in complexion and large in stature. In Greece, in Southern Italy, in Spain and Southern France, where the small, brunette Iberians were most numerous as compared with the great, blond Aryan invaders, the people are still mainly small in stature and dark in complexion. In Russia, in Norway and Sweden where there were very few Iberians, the people still show the purity of their Aryan descent in their fair complexion and large stature, while in Northern Italy, in Northern France, in Germany, in the British Islands, and in America the Iberians and Aryan statures and complexions are intermingled in endless variety.

We must keep in mind, too, that these different migrations did not all take place at the same time or within a short period. They were made slowly, and all together must have extended over a space of at least two thousand years. Each branch wandered, in a haphazard way, wherever it could find its route most easily, settling down and living for years, perhaps centuries, in one place before moving farther. They drove before them their flocks, carried with them all their possessions, and planted and raised their crops for food on the way. They had when they started no definite end in view, and the place of final settlement was determined by arising circumstances.

We must not think, either, of these Aryan migrations as having ceased even at the present time, for the Aryan nations of Europe are still pressing to the west and filling all America, and here they are once more merging into one great family, something as they were before any of them had left the old Aryan homestead east of the Caspian Sea.

*W. Edwin Priest.*

# Our Little Folks.

## YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

### Our Trip to the Salt Lake Temple.

WE started out on Monday, April 10th last, to attend the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. About nine o'clock we were traveling down Provo Canyon.

When we were in sight of Pleasant Grove my two little sisters were up on the seat with papa, and he was driving at a fast trot. Suddenly we came to a deep ditch in the road, and papa thought it was only a shallow one, and he let the horses trot over it. As the ground was covered with slush, he could not see it very well. In trying to save the two little girls papa fell out against the horses, which frightened them, and they ran some distance. Papa caught on the wagon tongue. I asked God to keep papa and my sisters from getting killed, and He did so. Papa only had his foot and hand hurt quite badly.

We traveled on to Lehi, and stopped at Brother Brown's place. He was very kind to us. Next morning papa's foot was quite lame and sore. So Brother Brown came and harnessed and hitched the horses on the wagon for papa, and we thanked him for his kindness. Then we traveled to Salt Lake City.

*Grace Greer. Age 12 years.*

WALLSBURG, WASATCH CO., UTAH.

### Cases of Healing by Faith.

ABOUT four years ago a family by the name of Jardine were living in our house. Their little daughter, then about seven years old, had become every ill,

and was thrown into convulsions. They sent for the doctor, but he did not know what was the matter. He and Sister Jardine and my mother did all in their power to restore the little sufferer, but to no avail.

The mother held the little child in her arms, thinking every moment would be her last. The child turned black in the face. They spoke to her, but she could not answer. The Elders were immediately sent for, who administered to the child. As soon as the Elders had taken their hands off her head the little girl opened her eyes and smiled. I remember the words she said, "Mamma, where is the gum that Sister Lewis gave to me." In a few minutes she was apparently as well as ever. This I witnessed with my own eyes, and it was a strong testimony to me that the Lord hears and answers prayers, and honors those who hold the priesthood when they administer in His name.

I also witnessed another miraculous healing. My sister had been suffering with the cramp for some time. One night she was attacked with the same complaint, and was in great pain. We called upon the Elders to administer to her. When this was done the pain ceased.

This was also a strong testimony to me. My mother was absent at this time. My brothers and I knelt down in family prayer and thanked God for having been so kind to us in healing our beloved sister. After this she slept peacefully the rest of the night.

*Mamie Lewis. Age 14 years.*

KAYSVILLE, DAVIS CO., UTAH.

### A Coyote in the House.

My father has a ranch twenty miles from here, at a place called Pipe

Springs, in Arizona. Coyotes are very thick there, so that we cannot keep turkeys or chickens.

The house is built on the side of a knoll, and up stairs there is a door that opens on to the hill.

One day the door was left open, and at night my aunt went up to put her baby to bed, and there she found a great big coyote, fast asleep, by the side of the cradle, in which lay a little girl two years old. My aunt called to my father to come and kill it. They kicked it several times, and then threw it against the house and killed it.

*Rachel Woolley. Age 12 years.*

KANAB, UTAH.

#### Sammy's Punishment.

IT was one fine day in the early part of July when Sammy came running in the house and asked Aunt Sarah (for he was an orphan and lived with his aunt) if he could go over to Gray's to watch some of the men cut some hay. Aunt Sarah knew that when Sammy and the two Gray boys, Johnny and Bertie, got together they always got into mischief; but nevertheless Sammy got permission to go, on the condition that he would be back before five o'clock. But she had no more than said "Yes" than he was off, and did not hear the conditions. Sammy ran down the street until he reached Gray's place, where he found the boys about to go to the store, nearly a mile from there. They finally persuaded Sammy to go with them. They arrived there all right, and had started back. On their return they stopped to rest.

"I say," said Johnny, "let's have some of Jones' cherries."

"I'll go you," said Sammy, "and I know which is the best tree, too."

"Yes, but you know that last Sunday in school our teacher told us that it was wrong to steal," rejoined Bertie, who was the youngest.

"I don't care; come on, boys," urged Sammy.

So off they started, and found the best tree, as Sammy termed it. They climbed up and commenced helping themselves. They were just thinking about going when the tree, bowed by its weight, let them down. They were not hurt seriously, but did not escape without a bump and scratch or two. As soon as they recovered themselves they scampered off. There was one thing which they did not notice until now—that great, black clouds were gathering in the west. They ran as fast as they could until they reached Gray's.

Mrs. Gray would not think of sending Sammy home that night, as the storm had come on, and it was not fit for him to be out. They all went to bed as though nothing had happened; but before the night was through Sammy woke up with a fearful pain in his stomach. Mrs. Gray got up when she heard his moans and groans, and gave him some ginger tea, which eased him, and he went to sleep again.

Sammy resolved not to tell Johnny and Bertie what had happened, but he found they had shared the same fate, and he was not the only one that had wished he had not eaten the cherries.

Meanwhile his aunt did not feel uneasy about him, because she guessed the reason he had stayed away all night; but when he didn't come home early in the morning she sent his brother Harry after him, and it was he whom Sammy met when on his way home. He told Aunt Sarah all about the unlucky affair in which he had

taken part. She listened quietly until he was through, and then said:

"Well, Sammy, you have been stealing, and you need punishing, but I am not going to whip you, but I am going to make you pay for the damages you have done."

Sammy had begun to breathe freer when he was told that he wasn't to be whipped; but when he heard the latter part of the sentence it nearly took his breath away.

"Yes, but I haven't any money," was the response.

"You know the little lamb that your brother gave you; now I want you to sell it and give farmer Jones the money," Aunt Sarah readily replied.

Now Sammy's face did cloud, for he had reckoned on selling that lamb when it was larger, but he knew that there was no way to get out of it.

"But who shall I sell it to?"

"I will buy it from you for one dollar, and you can work the rest of it out."

So the lamb was sold, and Sammy started off to Mr. Jones', feeling rather sheepish. When he arrived there the farmer was sorting potatoes.

"Well, Sammy," he said, "I hear you have been stealing my cherries."

"Yes, sir," returned Sammy, sheepishly, "and have come to pay you for the damages."

"That is nothing but fair," replied the farmer.

"Here is a dollar, and Aunt Sarah says that I can work the rest of it out."

"All right. I have just been wanting a boy to assort these potatoes. Put all the small ones in this barrel and all the large ones in this one."

The farmer then left Sammy to do his work. He worked steadily on until the dinner bell rang, and Sammy was not sorry, for more than once he had

wondered how much more work would fall to his share.

"Sammy," said the farmer, "as we are going to town this afternoon, and there won't be anyone left to see after you, so you may go now. I don't think you will be very apt to steal cherries again."

Sammy thought the same, and with that he went home gladly.

Mr. Jones met Aunt Sarah a few days later and insisted on returning the dollar.

"I don't want the little fellow's money, but the principle is right, and you mustn't let him know I returned the money."

Aunt Sarah took it and invested it in a hat for the boy. Sammy was none the wiser about this, but there was one thing that he was wiser about, and that was that those who do wrong have to suffer.

*C. L. H. Age 14 years.*

#### My Mamma's Pet Hen.

WHEN my mamma was a little girl she lived on a farm. One time late in the fall she was very ill for a long time. One day one of the neighbors came in and brought a little chicken that he had found nearly frozen. Mamma took it and cared for it, and kept it in the house all winter, and it became very much attached to her.

If the other children tried to catch her she would fly up on mamma's bed and hide her head under the spread.

The next summer one day she came in and flew upon the bed and layed an egg, and every day after that if she could get in the house she would lay her egg on the bed.

After a while they set her on some eggs out in the barn. As soon as she came off with her little chickens she

came into the house, flew upon the bed and tried to call her little chicks up to her.

*Tessie Garn. Age 8 years.*

SALT LAKE CITY.

#### THE BLUE LAWS.

THE Blue Laws of Connecticut were so called because they were printed on blue-tinged paper.

These were some of them:

"No one shall be a freeman or have a vote, unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the Dominion."

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this Dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing magistrates or any officer."

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic."

"No one shall cross the river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman."

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day."

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days."

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday."

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above one shilling a yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300."

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the Dominion shall be fined £5."

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp."

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offense, £10 for the second,

and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

#### A LADY BORN.

TRUE politeness does not consist of the artificial airs of the drawing-room, in what is sometimes called "company manners," that continue so long as there are persons present to look on whose good opinion is desired, and relapse into barbarism as soon as the company has gone. It is the inborn impulse of a higher and nobler nature. Here is an apt illustration:

An aged truck man bent under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at his look of bewilderment. No one ventured to help him. A fashionably dressed young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and without looking to the right or left stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the man with a smile. The idlers looked at each other and at the fair young woman.

The old truckman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been. This was almost too much for any woman, young or past young; but this New York girl was equal to the occasion. Into the gutter she tripped again and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the truckman a happy smile was seen to play about her lips. "God bless ye, miss," the old man said, as the fair maiden turned her back on the idlers and went on her way. What an example of true politeness!

## I WILL PRAISE THE LORD.

TREBLE SOLO.

BY H. H. PETERSEN.

I will praise the Lord with my heart, my whole heart; I will glo - ri - fy His name, and sing praises un - to Him; To His ho - ly name will I bring thanks giv - ing for - ev - - er-more. Sing His praise in loud ho-san - nas, sing His praise in loud ho - sannas; Oh, sing praises to His ho - ly name, For He is a great God, for He is a great God, A God ov - er all. When in the vale of tears I

name, and sing praises un - to Him; To His ho - ly name will I bring thanks giv - ing for - ev - - er-more. Sing His praise in loud ho-san - nas, sing His praise in loud ho - sannas; Oh, sing praises to His ho - ly name, For He is a great God, for He is a great God, A God ov - er all. When in the vale of tears I

TREBLE AND ALTO.

name, and sing praises un - to Him; To His ho - ly name will I bring thanks giv - ing for - ev - - er-more. Sing His praise in loud ho-san - nas, sing His praise in loud ho - sannas; Oh, sing praises to His ho - ly name, For He is a great God, for He is a great God, A God ov - er all. When in the vale of tears I

TENOR AND BASS.

name, and sing praises un - to Him; To His ho - ly name will I bring thanks giv - ing for - ev - - er-more. Sing His praise in loud ho-san - nas, sing His praise in loud ho - sannas; Oh, sing praises to His ho - ly name, For He is a great God, for He is a great God, A God ov - er all. When in the vale of tears I

name, and sing praises un - to Him; To His ho - ly name will I bring thanks giv - ing for - ev - - er-more. Sing His praise in loud ho-san - nas, sing His praise in loud ho - sannas; Oh, sing praises to His ho - ly name, For He is a great God, for He is a great God, A God ov - er all. When in the vale of tears I

stood, When a yawning unspanned ev - er wid - en-ing gulf severed me from my

Mak-er, In my grief and des-pair did I cry un - to Him— To the

grace-ful throne of God, I sent my humble cry, and raised my hop-ing eye.

1. He came down to er - ring mortals—Came, the glori-ous Morn-ing Star,  
 2. Breath'd in me His lov - ing spir - it, Calmed my ev - er throb-bing breast,

Spanned death's riv - er, flung the por - tals to my heav'n - ly home a - jar.  
 Gave to me with Him e - ter - nal life and glo - ry with the blest.

What care I tho' foes de - ride me? He is a - ble strength to me; With a

father's hand He'll guide me, While I cross life's storm - y sea. Praise Him,

all ye lands and na-tions, Praise His ho - ly, ho - ly name. A-men, a-men.

### THE SPIDER'S SURPRISE.

A CRAFTY spider sat down one night  
In a cosy corner his web to spin;  
He drove his shuttle with main and might  
To the steady tick of a clock within.

As he scanned his work with caution wise,  
And spread it wide on the kitchen wall  
Says he, "In the morning I'll vex the flies  
And slay them by dozens great and small."

So he finished the work he had begun  
Ere his eyes had slumbered in silent rest,  
And waited the rays of the morrow's sun  
To follow the bent of his stern behest.

But as luck would have it, the crack of doom  
Awaited our hero at break of day;  
The house wife came with her sweeping broom  
And swept both he and his web away.

And but for a seam in the floor below  
Which he reached with desp'rate leap and bound  
His life would have vanished beneath the blow  
Of the angry woman that stamped around.

E'en so, vain spider, it is with man;  
He spins and weaves in the corner wrong,  
And rests secure in his ill-laid plan  
Till the broom of destruction steals along.

He drives his shuttle of fancy wild,  
And trusts the morrow his bliss to find;  
But wakes at the dawn with hope begniled  
To hide from the danger that treads behind.

With worldly prospects to prompt and guide us  
We weave at random, in error's night;  
If heav'n guide ns, though anger chide ns  
Life's web is stable and woven right.

J. C.

— — — — —  
"JOHN," said the minister's wife,  
"how many more times are you going to  
recite that sermon of yours?"

"Don't bother me, my dear, if you  
please," he replied. "I am practising  
what I preach."

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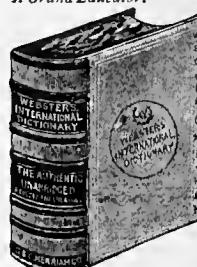
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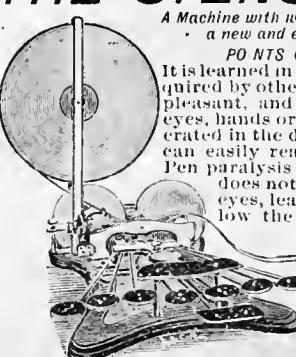
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